DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 4

Mission 2 : Team Grieferz

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Mission 2 – 'Team Grieferz'
By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

Halt! Who goes there?

"Oh not again…"

Oh it's you reader.

"YOU ALREADY KNEW WHO IT WAS, YOU LET THEM IN!"

Silence Charles. Don't make me stuff you in the trash compactor again.

"Hah, you'll have to try harder than you did last time. If you think a little trash is going to despawn me…"

No, but a little lava introduced down the trash compactor might.

"…I'll be good."

Excellent! Now then, on with the fantastic adventure.

"But wait, what about the people who haven't read the first three books?"

Good point. To those people I say: open your wallets and read my diaries. They're amazing! Notch even rated them five stars.

"He did not rate them five stars."

Fine, six stars.

"You're an idiot."

Trash compactor + lava + Charles = what?

…

That's what I thought. Well, for those who aren't up to date on my adventures, pour yourself a cup of the good stuff, relax and listen to this shortened version.

Bounty hunters. Once known as the scavengers of the server, taking on any work we could get. Mainly, our tasks involved taking down the smaller criminals the Admins couldn't be bothered to deal with. We were treated like crud wherever we went, made worse by the fact the Admins were deliberately trying to smear our reputation.

Then, one day, a crazed scientist called Dr. Boom managed to blow up an amusement park. Loads of players got despawned, though the Admins didn't seem to be doing much about it. That's where I stepped in.

"Ahem."

Fine, that's where Charles and I stepped in.

Aided by our fellow bounty hunters (Magic Mance, Valiant Viktor, Huge Hugo and Luckless Larry), we were able to track down the lair of Dr. Boom. However, the Admins intervened and reached the lair first, scaring away the target.

Soon afterwards, we discovered that there was a traitor within the group. I questioned the others, and came to the conclusion that Valiant Viktor was the spy.

Dr. Boom, having managed to escape, attacked the city and set it aflame. The bounty hunters manage to control the flames, whilst Charles and I went after Dr. Boom. We instead ran into the traitor, who subdued me and despawned Charles.

Although he was nice enough to let me go, he warned me he had the ability to ‘permanently despawn’ me. Soon after we got a hold on the flames, I met with the other bounty hunters and we planned our next move.

Charles and I discovered a note left by Dr. Boom, claiming he’d attack the Tower of Notch, source of the Admin’s power. We went over to Blockopolis to stop him, only for the Admins to put out an arrest warrant for all of the bounty hunters, the only ones escaping capture being myself, Charles and Magic Mance.

The three of us grouped together and came up with a plan to stop Dr. Boom. We managed to sneak into the tower of the night of the attack, finding ourselves caught in a standoff between the Admins and Dr. Boom.

Through my intervention, Dr. Boom was supposedly defeated. However, he managed to acquire the Admin’s powers himself, planning to use them to destroy the city. The regular Admins attempted to stop him, but were attacked by the traitor with his ‘permanent despawning’ arrows.

Charles got lucky –

“Hey!”

Fine, Charles landed an excellent hit with the traitor’s own arrow, bringing him down. We discovered it to be none other than Magic Mance. The idiot. He got all sad and blah blah blah, disappeared forever.

By this point, Dr. Boom had defeated the Head Admin and was planning on destroying the entire planet. With no option, Charles and I absorbed the power of the Admins and attacked him ourselves.

What followed was an epic battle of almighty proportions, raging across the skies for hours on end, until at last, I managed to best my foe and –

“AHEM!”

Oh jeez, fine. Charles was the one who beat him. Happy now?

“Very.”

Ugh, and there you have it. The epic tale of how Charles and I defeated Dr. Boom and saved the planet.

“You know, there was really no point in having you there at all. What did you do exactly?”

Right, that’s it. Trash compactor.

“NOOOOOOOO!”

PROLOGUE

WARNING TO ALL SAILORS!

DUE TO REPORTS OF DISAPPEARANCES OF SHIPS AND CREW, ALL SAILORS AND THEIR RESPECTIVE VESSELS HAVE BEEN CONFINED TO THEIR PORTS OF ORIGIN. THIS IS ONLY A TEMPORARY MEASURE, UNTIL SUCH TIME AS WE CAN FIGURE OUT THE MYSTERY BEHIND THESE EVENTS.

TO ALL CONCERNED CITIZENS, DO NOT PANIC. THE ADMINS HAVE DEPLOYED THEIR BOUNTY HUNTER BRANCH TO VARIOUS CITIES, IN AN ATTEMPT TO UNCOVER THE ANSWER TO THESE STRANGE OCCURANCES.

IN THE MEANTIME, PLAYERS ARE ADVISED TO MOVE THEIR RESOURCES VIA LAND. PORTS ARE NOT EXPECTED TO BE REOPENED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, SO YOU SHOULD BEGIN PREPERATIONS NOW.

NEITHER THE ADMINS NOR THE BOUNTY HUNTERS HAVE GIVEN ANY COMMENTS IN REGARDS TO THE SITUATION, SO PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN LISTENING TO SPECULATION.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR PATIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING.

APOLOGIES FOR INCONVENICNCE CAUSED,

MAYOR OF WHITEPORT

DAY 1

“ON THE LEFT!”

“GET DOWN!”

The thrill of the chase. The glory of battle. The explosiveness of… explosions. There was nothing that could beat this feeling. Nothing that could defeat the –

“FOR THE LOVE OF NOTCH DAN, GET OFF YOUR VIDEO GAME AND HELP US OUT!”

Oh, right. We’re battling enemies. My bad. I stepped out of our transport, a small airship given to us by the Admins. I’d insisted on driving, yet even with my amazing skills we’d somehow been shot down. I blame hackers.

“YOU FLEW US DIRECTLY INTO A TREE!”

Quiet Charles, I’m trying to determine how best I’m going to dispose of you when we get home.

“Jerk.”

Right, the battle. Probably should get back to that.

Our mission was simple. We’d been deployed by Admin forces to launch an all-out assault on Hackervile, a town home to some of the most notorious hackers known to man. These were the real criminals. Guys who despawned people with simple commands, flew around instead of walking and of course, spawned sponge blocks. The most illegal item in the game.

“Set your lasers to ban, gentlemen!” Charles shouted out loud, as we pulled out our weapons and ran into the open city.

Immediately, two hackers teleported in front of us, intending to take us by surprise. A quick pull of the trigger and they disappeared, permanently removed from normal society.

“Nice one,” Valiant Viktor gave me the praise I so rightfully deserved, and we pressed onwards.

In the span of a few minutes, my fellow bounty hunters and I managed to push deeper into the city, banning anyone who dared to attack us. Not once did they manage to land a hit on us, be it with strange cheating magic, blocks of TNT or, in one case, a giant sheep.

“BRING DOWN THE HACKERS!” I cried, as we approached the Town Hall.

By this point, the defenders were no more. We’d either kicked or banned them for good, meaning we only had the big cheese to deal with.

“Go!” Charles yelled, as we burst into the building.

Sitting in the wooden hall, at the very end of the room, was none other than xxX360NoScope360Xxx, one of the most dangerous hackers ever to roam Minecraft.

“So you noobs made it,” he began, “looks like I need to teach you all what real hacking is all about.”

Around him, strange objects began to spawn. Red spheres, which promptly began to glow. I recognized this attack all-too well. One that Dr. Boom had used.

“GET DOWN!”

We dived for the floor, as the spheres began blasting a slew of lasers around the room. The wooden structure soon caught fire, submerging us in a hot and smoky battlefield.

“What’s the matter?” xxX360NoScope360Xxx teased, “can’t handle the heat?”

As I began to stand up, I noticed that the hacker’s attention was focused on Luckless Larry, who’d (surprise surprise) been pinned by a falling log. Without missing a beat, I pointed my weapon at xxX360NoScope360Xxx and fired.

“Nice shot Charles!”

“Brilliant work buddy!”

“Thanks for saving me back there!”

Wait, what?

I looked to my right. Charles had beaten me to the punch (or rather, the pull) by a nanosecond. The smug grin on his face was enough to make me want to ban him right there. Unfortunately, there were a few rules stating why that wasn’t allowed.

Oh well, I’d duct tape him to the floor when we got home.

DAY 2

So I should probably explain what's been happening since we totally kicked Dr. Boom's butt.

Well to start things off, it turns out the Admins aren't such a bad bunch after all. They gave the bounty hunters full credit for taking down Dr. Boom, and removed all crimes against us. Huge Hugo and Luckless Larry were freed from prison, and the gang got back together for a spot of tea drinking.

Including Mance.

Sigh. You know those supposed 'permanent despawn' arrows? Yeah, that was kind of a big fat lie. They were just arrows fused with Ender Pearls, meaning they'd only teleport the victim. Apparently he just wanted to scare us.

Still, after listening to his groveling apology about how much he loved us, we decided to let him back into the group… on the condition he gives us half his earnings for the rest of his life. He grudgingly accepted.

So you may be wondering what kind of criminals the bounty hunters tackle now. An excellent question. We go after the guys the Admins are too busy to handle. No really, they mean it this time. We're going after hackers, cheaters, exploiters and people who think leather armor is decent in this day and age.

And the people love us for it.

The second we stepped into the inn today, we had people left and right offering to buy us cups of tea and bowls of Mushroom Soup. We refused them of course, but the bartender insisted that everything was on the house. We grudgingly accepted.

"To us," I raised my bowl, "the greatest bounty hunters in the history of Minecraft!"

"Here here!" Charles cheered, "There isn't anyone who can defeat us!"

Oh how wrong we were.

DAY 3

There's been a message from Whiteport.

Oh come on, please tell me you know what Whiteport is.

"I don't know where that is."

Remind me again why they call you Charles brilliant.

Whatever. If you must know, Whiteport is a port, hence the name.

"If that's the case, why'd they call it Whiteport and not Port?"

Because a city called Port is stupid. Now then, where was I? Oh right, Whiteport. Long story short: we received a message that the place was attacked by some of the most evil villains ever to set foot in the world of Minecraft.

Pirates.

No, not those loveable scamps on the internet that download stuff for free. We're talking real pirates. Eye patches, parrots and a burning (and disgusting) hatred of toothpaste. They brush their teeth with their long bushy beards, or so the tale goes.

Pirates used to be a massive group of players, back in the early days of Minecraft. They were a real problem too, causing chaos and destruction wherever they went. It got to the point where they could even take on the toughest of players and the biggest of cities.

In the end, Captain Hammer led a fleet of a thousand ships against the pirates. The pirates were utterly destroyed, though in the process Captain Hammer was lost at sea, never to be seen again…

If the pirates have returned, this is troubling news. Minecraft hasn't had a decent fleet of boats in years, and if they really are back…

No time to dwell on it. We've got work to do. Charles and I have already begun preparing for our journey to Whiteport-

"You mean I've been packing our bags whilst you've been writing in that cursed journal of yours?"

Details, details. The point is, we're getting ready to head to Whiteport. Once we're there, we'll probably hire ourselves a ship and investigate the waters ourselves.

I'm not sure of the exact information myself, but it appears the city came under heavy attack by pirate forces. Severe damage to the buildings and several players were despawned. Most of the boats were also destroyed, but I'm hoping a few were hidden or repaired.

We head for Whiteport tomorrow, where we'll track down these evil players, be they pirates or something else. Once we have them, we shall destroy them in the name of Notch!

Cool eh? The Admins told me to say it.

"It really doesn't work for you."

One of these days Charles…

DAY 4

Ah, Whiteport.

Five minutes of standing in this cursed city and already I'm ready to leave. Never before did I think the smell of fish could actually seep into the walls of houses, but it can. The whole place smells like squid and let me tell you, squid do not smell nice.

How do I know this? That's a story for another-

"You're not going to tell them about the time you used a bottle of squid deodorant?"

By the son of Notch, I will silence you forever with an entire roll of duct tape.

"Good luck with that."

Ergh! We arrived at Whiteport early in the morning, to the sounds of people moaning and groaning. Half of the city had been ruined by the mysterious attackers. Buildings had crumbled into dust, windows had been blown to bits and someone had taken the time to scribble 'Pirate Wuz Here' on the side of a broken wall.

"And to think I was thinking of buying a holiday home here," I joked, much to the appreciation of the locals.

"They tried to toss you into the sea for that remark."

Good thing I had my Admin powers to help me.

"You nearly drowned when you attempted to freeze the lake… whilst you were under it."

Ah whatever. Cutting this needless banter out of the way, we quickly attempted to establish just what had happened to the city. What enemies had truly attacked them? Pirates? Something worse? Or something not nearly as bad?

"It was pirates," one villager spat, "they drove by in a ship with black sails and fired upon us with cannons.

"Nay," another shook his head, "it was angry fish people. They'd stolen a vessel and decided to take revenge on us poor innocent villagers."

"Yeh both be fools," a third smacked his staff into the dirt, "it was obviously angry fish pirates."

We all looked at the obvious madman, who walked off in a huff, muttering something about 'young people cramping his style'.

Well, whether it was pirates, angry fish people or angry fish pirates, we really had our work cut out for ourselves. We decided to work in pairs. Valiant Viktor and Luckless Larry would attempt to gather more information, Huge Hugo and Magic Mance would oversee repairs in the village and of course, I just had to get stuck with Charles.

"You should consider it an honor."

Bah, whatever. We went looking for someone who could lend us a boat. As we explained before, most of the boats had been destroyed in the attack. All we could hope for is to find something that was, at the very least, still afloat.

"Why don't we just spawn a boat?"

Because that would be too easy. This story needs a challenge.

"… what story?"

Quiet you. After a few minutes of searching, coupled with questioning the madman, we managed to find a sailor with a working boat who'd be willing to take us to our destination.

“Aye, I’ll help you out,” he told us, “and not because I want to. Because I got a score to settle with these pirates.”

“That’s great,” I nodded, backing away at the same time. There was no way I was going to get stuck listening to some pointless backstory. But too late, the guy opened his mouth and started

yapping:

Twas a dark and stormy night. I’d just finished making a delivery to the town of Blackport (real original name right there) with my pet chicken Cletus, when all of a sudden, my ship fell afoul of a mysterious attacker. The seas were streaked with fog, but I could just about make out the faint outline of a massive vessel, intent on sinking us.

We engaged in battle for several minutes, before I ended up running over a rock and making a giant hole in me ship. I managed to patch it up, but before I knew what was happening, the pirates were on me again. They poked more holes in me ship then there are in Swiss cheese, and my vessel started taking on way too much water.

I made for the lifeboats, but as I looked around for Cletus, those darned pirates boarded me boat and stole the only chicken I’ve ever loved…

A single tear fell from his eye, as he drew his sword and stood up.

“And so I swore that I would defeat those cowardly curs, no matter what the cost! I’d get my Cletus back and put an end to all the dastardly deeds they’ve committed, else I’d change my name from Brian the Sailor to Loser the Sailor!”

By that point, Charles had drifted off and I was already half asleep. Still, we gave him a round of applause and a bag of gold, promising to return in the morning.

Tomorrow, we’re going pirate hunting.

DAY 5

Team Grieferz.

That's the one name Luckless Larry and Valiant Viktor have been hearing around Whiteport. People were scared to say it at first, but after they spent enough time in the inn they began to pick up whispers. How the villagers were afraid that 'Team Grieferz' would return once again to pillage and plunder. And they probably would.

Unless we stopped them.

Still, Team Grieferz? Really? That's the best name this crew of so-called pirates could come up with? Why not 'The Swashbuckling Swashbucklers' or 'Pirates United'?

"Because those are without a doubt some of the worst names for a pirate crew I have ever heard."

Oh please, you're just jealous I thought of them first and you didn't.

Brian the Sailor was ready to cast off, and with Magic Mance and Huge Hugo have repaired the city as best as they could (literally nothing filling every hole in site with dirt blocks), we set sail after the secretive Team Grieferz!

Brian's ship was… interesting to say the least. At a first glance, it looked like a simple vessel one would use to trade items. However, in the short time since he'd battled the pirates, Brian had decked the entire thing out with TNT cannons and a metal hull.

"Let's see them take us on now," he grinned, "once we find this Team Grieferz, we'll blast them to smithereens and send them to Davy Jone's Locker!"

I should really have brought a pirate dictionary along. Half the time I can't understand what he's saying.

"Arr, will you be having milk 'n sugar with yer tea?"

See what I mean?

We haven't drifted too far from Whiteport, but so far there's been no sign of any pirates. We've passed a few other ships, but they've just been delivering items.

"This is bad," I heard Valiant Viktor mutter that evening, "those ships are supposed to be confined to their ports, to make sure the pirates don't have a tempting target."

"Must be wanting to make some emeralds," Mance shrugged, "with so few ships, it's become a lot easier. Of course, if the pirates do get a hold of them then they're going to lose a lot more than a few weeks profit."

"Which is why we have to bring them down," Charles finished. We retired for the night after a dinner of Fish 'N Squid, as Brian called it. Tasted more like Fish 'N Vomit to me, but whatever.

Maybe we'd have luck finding the pirates tomorrow.

DAY 6

Huh, normally when I something like that, something bad is supposed to happen.

FYI, we're all fine by the way. No sign of bloodthirsty pirates, no indication of dangerous storms and no sighting of deadly fish monsters which could drag us to the depths of the ocean. Everything is hunky dory!

"We're out of tea!"

OH FOR THE LOVE OF HEROBRINE!

This trip just became ten times worse.

We've continued our patrol of the glorious oceans, but so far we've found no results. In fact, there hasn't been a report of a single attack. What's worse is that more and more ships are starting to return to the waters, only increasing the risk of someone getting attacked.

Charles and I agreed to contact the Head Admin, to enforce a rule to prohibit all boats from leaving port. Unfortunately, we ran into some problems.

"I'm sorry bounty hunters," secretary of Admin HQ shook her head through the contact crystal, "but the Head Admin isn't even in this very server right now. He's currently preoccupied on another world, dealing with a very nasty threat."

"He's gone for dinner at Burger Queen, hasn't he?" I questioned, to which she promptly hung up.

Old habits die hard I guess.

Still, this doesn't change facts. Things are starting back up again and if the pirates were to attack now, they could cause massive damage to Minecraft's economy. To put that in simple terms: a lot of people are about to lose a lot of money.

We're heading back to Whiteport tomorrow to put a stop to this. I just hope we aren't too late.

DAY 7

I hate being right.

“Good thing it doesn’t happen a lot.”

SILENCE!

After a restless night, we set sail for Whiteport, intent on keeping ships grounded for good.

We hadn’t been moving for five minutes until we spotted it: the first of many burning wrecks, floating in the water.

What followed was like a breadcrumb of destroyed ships, all slowly sinking into the sea. In fact, the closer we grew to Whiteport, the more there seemed to be. If it weren’t for the obvious signs of battle, I would have said a storm or a great tidal wave had wiped the lot of them out.

We managed to rescue a few sailors who hadn’t despawned, who confirmed what we already knew. This was the work of Team Grieferz, who’d struck when things looked as if they’d be returning to normal.

We’re not sure how damage has been caused in total, but there’s definitely a reason to worry now. With the amount of ships that have been destroyed, trade is going to come to a grinding halt. Cities won’t be collecting nearly as many diamonds and emeralds as they were before, at least until they rebuild their fleets.

By the time we reached Whiteport, things looked dire. The entire place was full of sailors who’d despawned and respawned in the nearest city. They were stuck there, having forgotten to use their legs long ago. No swimming on dry land I’m afraid.

We stocked up on supplies and spoke with anyone who’d been attacked by the pirates. The story is a little shaky when you’re asking so many people (some thought it was Herobrine’s own ship which had attacked them, whilst others believed it to be the work of a single rowboat), though we think we’ve managed to piece everything together.

At noon, when there are the most amount of boats on the sea, that was when the enemy struck. According to eye witness reports, Team Grieferz launched a brutal strike against the near-defenseless ships, attacking them from behind and working their way back up to Whiteport. Anything caught in their path was utterly obliterated.

Seeing as our ship is one of the few left afloat, many people made offers either to buy (or even steal) it. We flatly refused them all and returned to the ocean, where we prepared to pursue the only clue available to us.

One of the sailors noted something strange as Team Grieferz black vessel had destroyed their boat. As he lay there, clinging to a piece of timber, he noticed something emerging from the back of the ship…

A trail of fog.

We’ve spotted the trail ourselves, and began our pursuit. If this leads us straight to the enemy boat, then we might be able to ambush them before they can react. Not that we’d need to of course. So these guys sank a few hundred ships. Big deal. I can do that in my sleep. Let’s see what they’re capable of when they go up against me.

WEEK 2

DAY 8

I'm really starting to regret those words.

All through the night, we pursued our foe. Carefully gliding along the waters, making notes of the fog trail as we slowly drifted further and further away from the safety of Whiteport.

I think we were all too tired to realize it at the time-

"I wasn't. I warned you several times what I think would happen, but you didn't listen to a word I said."

Grr, I ought to throw him off the ship right now. And I would, if he wasn't so useful.

Fine, I think we were all too tired (save for Charles) to realize we were being lured into a trap. The pirates must have known something about us, whether it was the fact that our vessel was stronger or the fact that we were working with the Admins. Either way, they wanted to dispose of us.

After what seemed like hours of stalking the ship, the fog trail just… stopped.

We emerged into a small clearing of water, with fog surrounding us on all sides. We couldn't see a darned thing. I turned to look at the route we'd taken, but fog had appeared there as well.

"I don't like the looks of this," Luckless Larry whispered.

And that's when they came down upon us.

Their vessel emerged from the side, opening fire with their cannons. Before we could react, several blocks of TNT struck the side of the ship, knocking us backwards.

"Good thing I installed the metal hull," Brian moaned, "else we'd be fish food right about now."

Deciding to thank Brian later, I instead focused on hopping on the nearest TNT cannon and returning fire at our foes. Charles and Mance copied my move and I figured in a few seconds, we'd have Team Grieferz swimming with the fishes.

A very rare occurrence I know, but I was wrong. The black vessel they piloted seemed to gain in speed, totally avoiding the attacks we'd launched. We didn't have a chance to turn the weapons before they fired again, this time targeting our cannons.

The three of us were knocked backwards, as the TNT weaponry was swallowed up in a ball of fire. That only left the cannons on the other side of the ship, which were currently useless.

"They're preparing another round!" Brian cried, as he attempted to steer the ship to a safe distance.

That left us with only one option. Admin powers were meant to be used only in the direst of circumstances. I figured that applied to our current situation. Raising my hand, I pointed towards the sea, intending to freeze the sea beneath the pirate's boat…

But nothing happened.

"What are you waiting for?" Charles hissed, "Get them already!"

"It isn't working!" I shook my head, "I can't use my powers on the boat."

"Then we'll just have to use it on something else," Charles grinned, pointing to a couple of loose stacks of TNT on the deck. He yelled a word, and the explosives were shot towards the vessel.

"Let's see them dodge that!"

But they didn't have to. A few meters before the red blocks would come into contact with the ship, they exploded in midair. As I covered my eyes to shield them from the explosion, I caught sight of a purple bubble, appearing and disappearing in an instant.

"They have a shield," I sighed, "looks like it's protecting them from our powers."

The crew looked at one another, as a third volley of rounds blasted the rear end of the ship. We wouldn't last much longer like this.

"The hull can't take much more!" Brian cried.

"Well, if our magic can't harm their vessel… what do we do?"

Viktor asked.

To which I replied with one of my genius-

Oh, I'm sorry, Charles would you like to interrupt?

"It's fine."

Really? Are you sure you don't want to take credit for my genius intellect.

"No, considering this is the one good idea you've ever had."

Well, if you're sure.

"GET ON WITH IT ALREADY!"

Oh fine.

"We can use our powers on our own ship," I spoke up, "if we can't defeat them now, then we can at least retreat until we can. We'll summon a great wind to power our sails."

"But in what direction?" Brian demanded, "We're surrounded by fog. Even if we do escape, who knows where we'll end up?"

He had a point, of course. The fog had totally messed with our sense of navigation. We could find ourselves at the bottom of the sea, all because we ran into an iceberg we couldn't spot.

But as the sounds of lit TNT reached my ears, I realized we had no other choice.

"Use your powers!" I commanded the other bounty hunters, raising my hand to call upon a great and powerful storm. My friends followed suite, and somewhere far away, I heard the calling of a massive wind.

"BRACE YOURSELVES!" I cried, grabbing hold of the side of the boat as the wind descended, smacking into the sails and propelling us forward, well out of range of Team Grieferz's attack…

And well into the depths of the unknown.

DAY 9

Lost at sea. I believe that's the correct term for our situation.

The gust of wind sent us much further than I would have liked. Instead of pushing us away from our enemies, it launched us like a stone skipping across water. We must have been propelled hundreds, if not thousands of blocks…

Leaving us here.

Some sort of ancient temple, half-flooded. The walls and structure look like they were composed of marble once upon a time, but the majority of the temple has fallen into disrepair. Heck, the whole place looks like it could collapse into the sea at any moment. The only thing holding it up is a pair of cracked pillars.

But more on the local scenery later. I really didn't have time to explore an ancient building which no one would care about… which is why I sent Charles and Mance to investigate it. Now I can at least think without hearing them whine.

As for the rest of my crew, they aren't much help. Brian keeps mumbling about Cletus, Valiant Viktor is stuck in his rulebook and Huge Hugo keeps punching the wall. Looks like it's down to me to get us a way out of here.

***

Update: no plans to get us out of here just yet.

I'm still working on our amazing escape. What had interested me however it was Charles and Mance brought back from the temple. A scroll from one of Minecraft's most ancient ages.

A quick glance at it didn't reveal much. Actually, it wasn't much more than a drawing of a giant squid monster, attacking a boat. Aside from that, the only thing remarkable about the scroll was that someone had torn the bottom off completely. I wonder what was on it.

Aside from getting distracted by this little painting, Charles informed me that his attempts to contact the Admins were futile. Not because we didn't have any communication crystal service (I had three bars), but because they were otherwise… preoccupied.

"Do you think it's the pirates?" I asked him, to which he nodded.

"Even with their ship, there's no way they'll survive against the Head Admin. We should let him take over things from here."

Surprisingly, I agreed. Besides, our situation was a little more important to worry about than some battle between Admins and pirates. And like Charles said, the Head Admin could handle it.

***

Or not.

We'd just finished dinner: a lovely plate of cooked shrimp. At the very least, being trapped here offers no lack of food. As we were cleaning up and discussing our next move, my pocket started to buzz.

"The Admins," Charles grinned, "they're contacting us! No idea why they decided to call you."

I just stuck my tongue at him, only for the call to stop. Confused, I removed the crystal and examined it.

There was a message on my communication crystal. I wanted to smile, until I saw the color of my crystal. Red. Urge. The Admins wanted to contact me with something very important. With a shaking hand, I played the message.

Bounty hunters,

Return home immediately. Team Grieferz has called upon a great and mighty evil. The Admins have been overwhelmed. Dozens of cities have been destroyed in a matter of hours. We need your help if we are to defeat them.

-Head Admin

One thing was for certain. This fight with Team Grieferz was only just beginning, and we were a thousand blocks from where we needed to be. We had to get moving, to help save Whiteport and the rest of our allies.

The only question was, which direction was the right one?

NEXT TIME:

A NEW THREAT RISES AGAIN!

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant are ace bounty hunters, but are they prepared for the dangers of the sea?

Team Grieferz has unleashed some kind of terrible evil on Minecraftia, and Dam and Charles are too far away to do anything about it! Lost at sea, their only hope is to return home as quickly as they can.

But as supplies start running low and the situation takes a turn for the worst, Dan and Charles realize pirates aren't the only threat in the waters…

Make sure you pick up your copy of 'Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 5', which continues this epic mission in a race against time to save a city from destruction…